GPU
ENCHANTING TALES FROM INDONESIA
Andari Deswandhy
Illustrated by Cecillia Hidayat
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Meet the author:
Andari Deswandhy

Andari Deswandhy was born in Jakarta, Indonesia. She attended the British International School Jakarta for 12 years before moving to Deerfield Academy, a boarding school in Deerfield, MA, USA, in 2015. At only 12 years old, she attended the Wolfeboro Summer Boarding School in New Hampshire, USA, and took a 7-week course focusing on English craft writing. Furthermore, in 2014, she participated in a 3-week class at Columbia University for creative writing. Andari is currently in the 10th grade.

Reading and writing has always been a large part of her childhood. When Andari was younger, her parents encouraged her to express all her ideas and feelings on paper, whether it be about an activity with friends, or an experience she encountered while on holiday. Writing quickly became a hobby, and led to her contribution towards a school magazine.

And here is the illustrator who made Andari's stories come to life!
Cecillia Hidayat

Cecil is an INFJ who speaks her mind better through her drawings. Her mother was often called to school when she was little, because she doodled all over her books. Years later, she decided to make this habit a profession. The best part is, now she's paid for that instead of being scolded :)

Falling in love with Ubud, Bali, she moved there 3 years ago with her husband, spending most of her time drawing, reading, and walking between rice fields.

Visit http://behance.net/cecilliahidayat to see more of her works.

"This book is dedicated to
Ayah, Ibu and Kakak".

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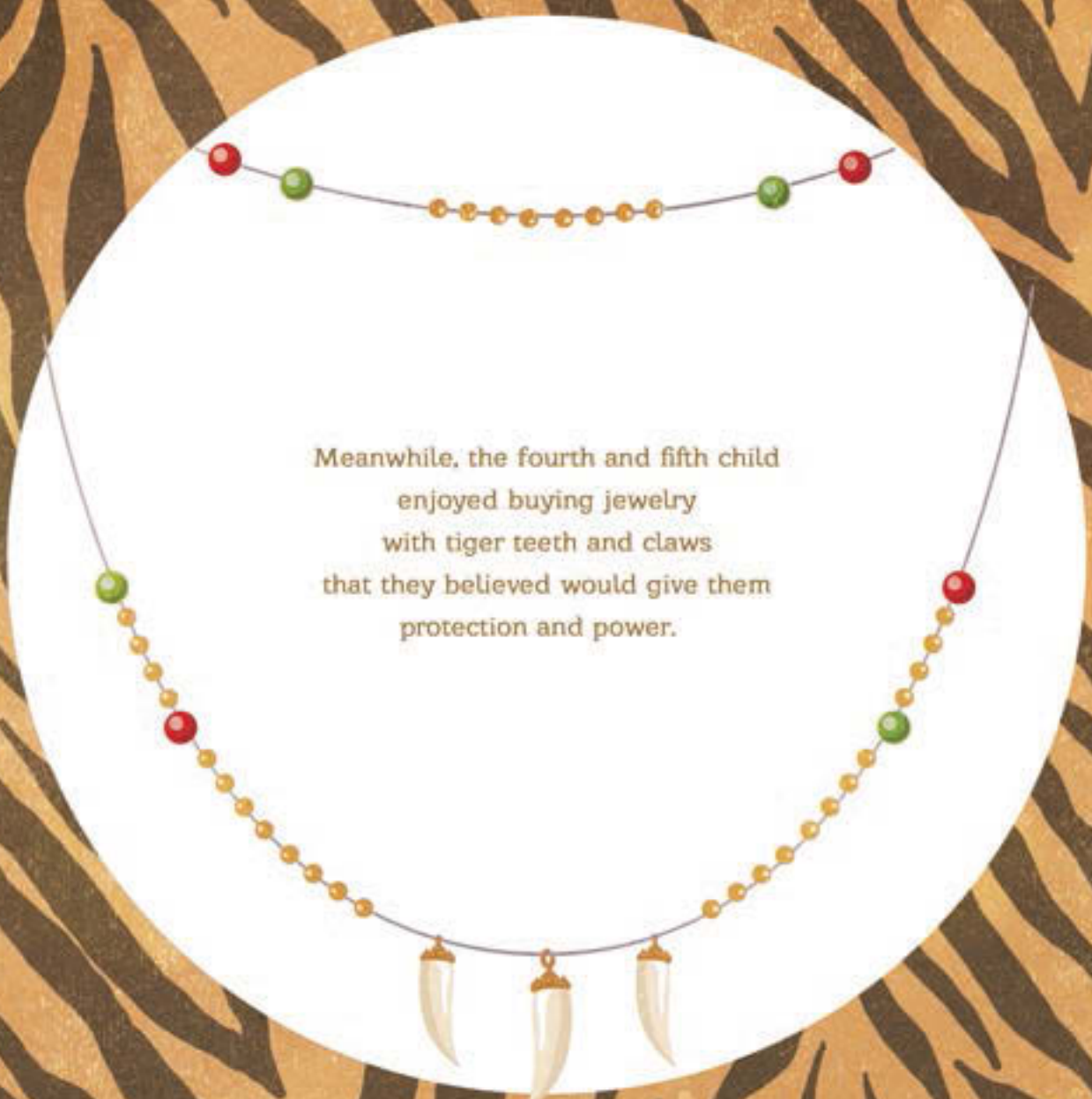
A Story from Bali

In the province of Klungkung, Bali,
lived an old man with his five young boys.
He was a single father who raised his sons
on his own until they were adults.

Before the father retired, the family was pretty wealthy. They owned the largest paddy fields in Bali, from which the island got a lot of their food. Unfortunately, his children were very lazy—not one of them would help their father work in the paddy fields. All day they would spend the family fortune on unnecessary items that showed off their wealth.

The first, second and third son loved to buy roosters
and enter them into the local cockfights.
They would buy the biggest, fiercest looking roosters.
People bet money on whose rooster would win, and
if their chosen rooster did win, they would win the money.
However, it was rare for the brothers to win.
Their roosters always fought much smaller cocks,
but the smaller cocks were decorated with spurs
that quickly killed the roosters. The brothers only relied
on the size and appearance of the roosters they bought,
even if the smaller ones were better fighters.

Meanwhile, the fourth and fifth child
enjoyed buying jewelry
with tiger teeth and claws
that they believed would give them
protection and power.

But when their dad grew older and sick,
the family found their money slowly and slowly disappearing.
The sons' lack of motivation to work forced the dad
to think about the harsh future
and reality his sons would face if they didn't learn
to make a living for themselves.

"Son, you need to tell your younger brothers that they must stop
being careless and immature on the way they spend money.
There is nothing left for the family. I don't have much time
with everyone left, please let them know."

"Father, what do you mean all of our
money is gone?" said the first child.
"I mean, I have been working every day of
my life to support you all, but instead of prospering
the family business, you waste the money on roosters!"
"I'm sorry, Father, but there is nothing else we can do now,
we don't know how to do anything," he replied.

The day finally came when he thought it was his time to go;
he called his five sons together to say his last few words.
With his sons surrounding him around his grand bed, he said:

"My children, I feel that the end is near.
As you all know, the family fortune has been spent.
The only thing that's left is the paddy fields that
I have tended all my life.

"I actually brought you all here to let you know that
I have hidden some of the family treasure underground,
somewhere in the paddy fields. After I pass away, dig it up
and share the wealth among each one of you."

Looking at each other with excitement,
the sons could not wait to inherit all the riches that were left for them.
"Father, this is great!" said the second child.
"Yes, we won't have to work ever again!" said the fifth child.
Not long after their dad shared this information, he passed away.

All five of them said their goodbyes,
and then moved on to find the hidden treasure.
As they stared at the large paddy fields, only now did they realize how difficult their life was going to be. The money was all finished. They needed to find that hidden treasure as soon as possible, or they would all have to find a job.
Even so, they would probably not make near as much as what their dad had made for them when they were children.

Looking at the vast field of
their dad's pride,
they knew it wasn't going to be
easy finding the treasure.

"Where do you think Dad kept the money?" asked the eldest son.

"I have no idea, he never told us specifically,"

replied the second child.

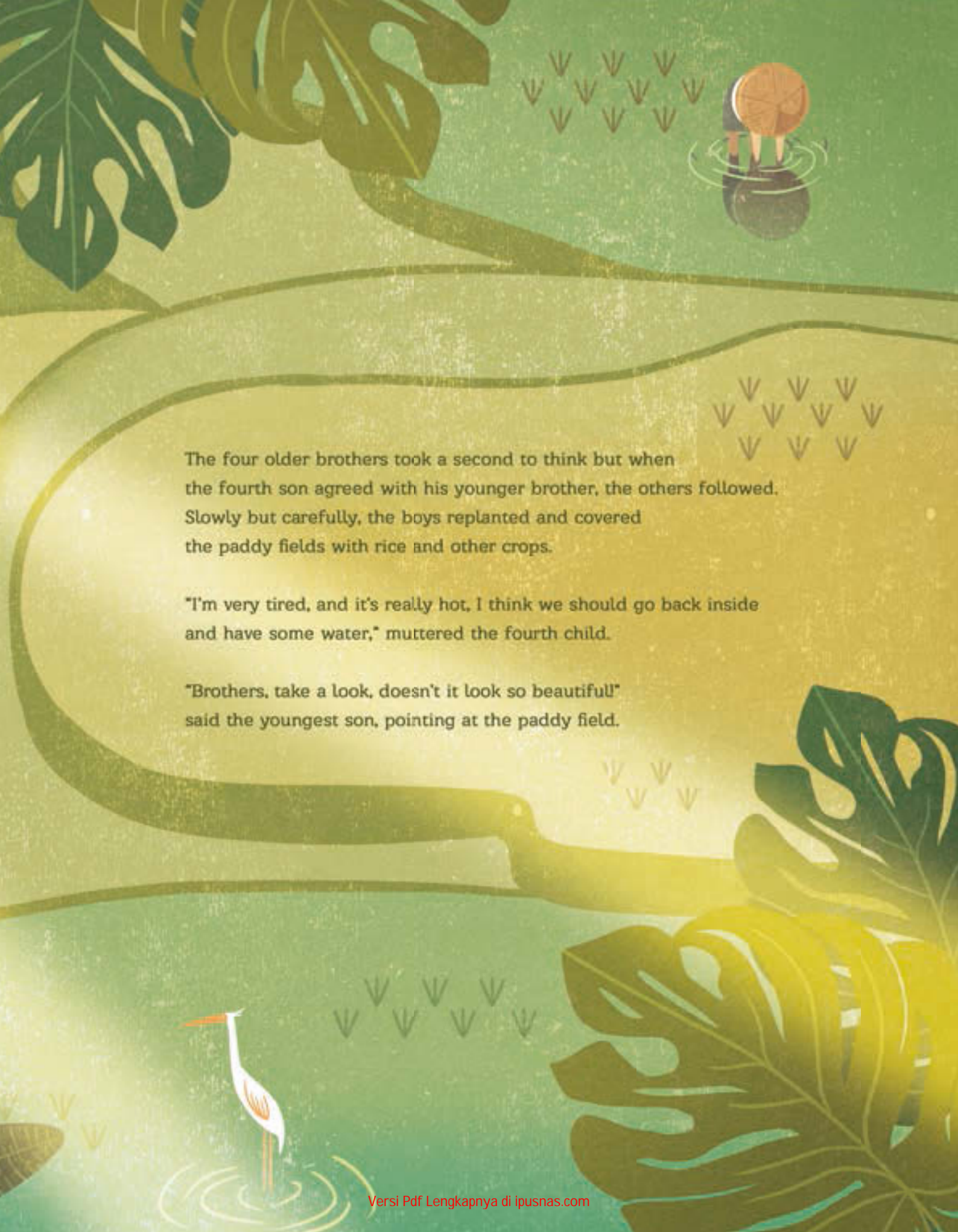
"Why don't we try to dig up the areas of the fields one by one, we'll find it, don't worry,"

said the third child.

They decided to split up to make the job quicker.
Days had gone by, the boys worked tirelessly
in the sun and heat, but all they found
was nothing more than mud.

Soon, the paddy fields had nearly all been dug up,
and the boys grew more confused at their dad's last words.

With anger, the eldest son exclaimed,
"Maybe Dad had dementia, he probably forgot or made it up!"

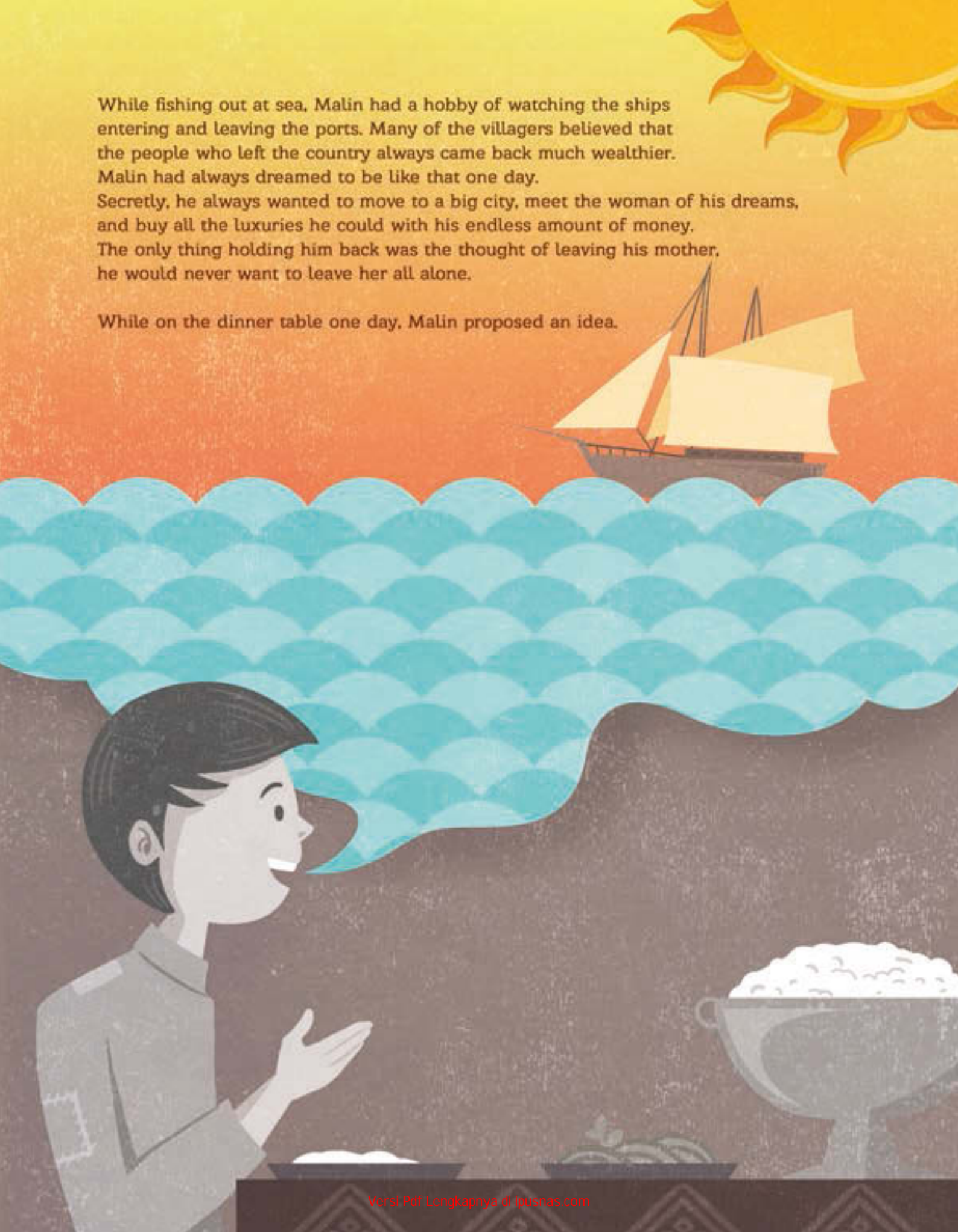
"Hmmm, I'm so sorry, brothers, but this place has become a mess.
Even though we didn't find the buried treasure, I think it's best if we
replant the seeds of the paddy fields that we completely dug up.
Dad spent all his life taking care of this place,
we shouldn't leave it like this," spoke the youngest son.

The four older brothers took a second to think but when
the fourth son agreed with his younger brother, the others followed.
Slowly but carefully, the boys replanted and covered
the paddy fields with rice and other crops.

"I'm very tired, and it's really hot, I think we should go back inside
and have some water," muttered the fourth child.

"Brothers, take a look, doesn't it look so beautiful!"
said the youngest son, pointing at the paddy field.

Months later, once they were ready to be harvested,
the boys sold their high quality produce to many different sellers.
Continuing to do so as the years went by,
they earned an increasing amount of money;
they were once again the best producer for crops in all of Bali.
It was like when they were children, but this time,
it felt more fulfilling because they actually earned it.

In the end, they understood the message
their dad was telling them the day he died.
"Dad was right, our land itself was a gold mine in disguise.
We just had to work hard, and look at us now,
we've earned our family fortune back," they stated.

MALIN
KUNDANG
A Story from West Sumatra

On the West Coast of Sumatra lies a stone statue
in the shape of a young man, kneeling down with
his face buried to the ground as if he was praying.
This statue, believe it or not, used to be a real man,
punished by his mother whom he disrespected,
and cursed to turn into stone.

The man's name was Malin Kundang.
Back when he was a young boy still living with his mother,
Mande Rubayah, he lived in a small village called Padang,
near that coast. They weren't the wealthiest of families.
Mande was a helper of local fishermen;
she would collect fish from the sea and provide it
to the fishermen, in return for money.
Being the diligent boy Malin Kundang was,
he helped out his mother whenever she needed.
The money they earned wasn't much,
but they only needed each other to be happy.

While fishing out at sea, Malin had a hobby of watching the ships entering and leaving the ports. Many of the villagers believed that the people who left the country always came back much wealthier. Malin had always dreamed to be like that one day.
Secretly, he always wanted to move to a big city, meet the woman of his dreams, and buy all the luxuries he could with his endless amount of money. The only thing holding him back was the thought of leaving his mother, he would never want to leave her all alone.

While on the dinner table one day, Malin proposed an idea.

"Mother, I want to go out and travel, discover the world. I will work hard I promise, and I'll be back in no time. I promise, I'll become wealthy, then I'll come back for you and we can live together again in a big city. You know that this is what we both truly want," said Malin, as he was trying to convince his mother for her blessing.

"Malin, please, I will be alone, I'm scared. Stay here with me, I'll be too old when you come back for me, I won't be able to travel," Malin's mother replied, wiping the tear off her face.

"I promise, Mother, you don't need to worry, it'll only be for a while," he said.

"I cannot force you to stay if that is not what you want. Go, but don't forget about me and keep in touch."

Malin jolted up, he was so excited!

The next day, while out at sea helping his mother fish,
Malin Kundang saw a large ship docking.
To the person next to him, he asked,
"Do you know who that is? In the big ship?"
"It's usually some rich persons' ship, they come here a lot to buy the fish we catch. Then, they bring it to the big city for more rich people to eat."

"Do you know how I can get on the ship?"

"You can probably get a small job with them
cleaning the ship or something, but it'll get you to the big city.
You can start a life there, make a lot more money than here."

"That's the plan..." thought Malin.

Malin brought his fishing boat back to the shore and walked to the ship.
Outside the ship stood a man with great pride.
He wore golden jewelry across his arm and fingers.

"Hi, Sir, I would like to work for you. Here, in your ship.
I am hoping it can take me to a big city as well," said Malin to the man.
"No, I don't need your help. I have all the help I need," he replied.
"Please, Sir, I really want to, I promise I will work hard."
"Hmmm, fine, but we leave tomorrow at 10 AM sharp.
If you are not here by then, we will leave you."

"Thank you so much, Sir, you won't be disappointed!"
Malin said with excitement.

Malin ran back home and told his mother the great news.
"That's amazing, Malin, but you should pack. You don't want to be late tomorrow."
Mande Rubaya tried her hardest not to cry in front of her son.
The next morning, Malin got up at 8, and had his last breakfast with his mother, then took her to the shore where they hugged and said their final goodbyes.

"Goodbye my son, you will do well, I know it," she said.

Days and months went by, but Mande Rubaya still wondered if letting her son go was the right decision. In her heart, he was still her little boy, not a teenager.

After Malin left and arrived at the big city,
little by little, he became more and more prosperous.
In a few months, he owned his overseas
trading business; in a few years,
he was the wealthiest man in the city.

He then met a lovely woman, and married her
within a few months after they met.
Nobody would have thought that
Malin Kundang came from a small, remote village,
living with his mother who was only
the helper of local fishermen.